

CAMPFIRE TALES

SCOUTS AGAINST CTHULHU

PLAYER HANDOUTS & MAPS PACK

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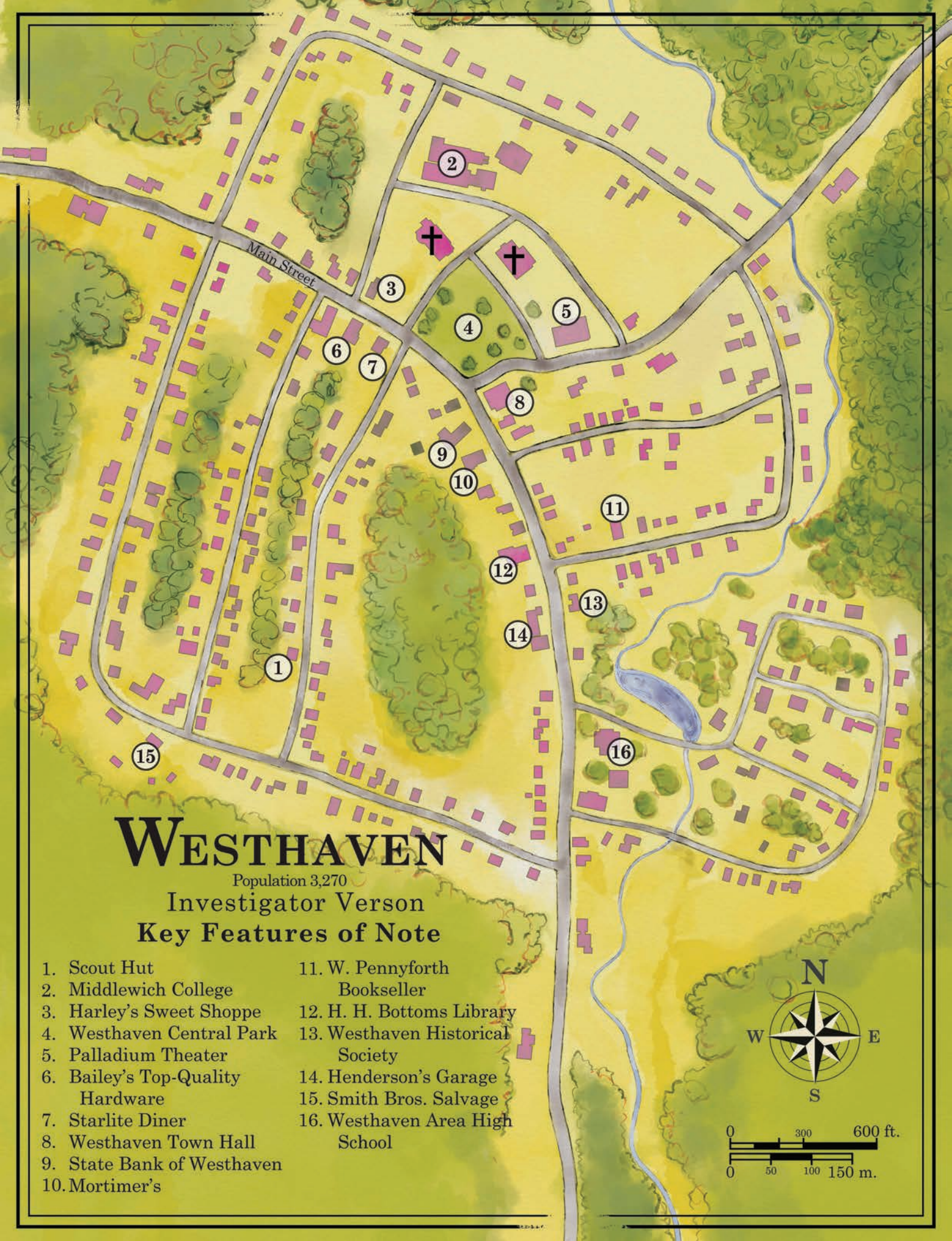
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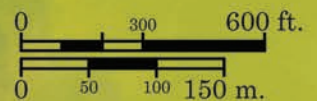
WESTHAVEN

Population 3,270

Investigator Verson

Key Features of Note

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Scout Hut | 11. W. Pennyforth Bookseller |
| 2. Middlewich College | 12. H. H. Bottoms Library |
| 3. Harley's Sweet Shoppe | 13. Westhaven Historical Society |
| 4. Westhaven Central Park | 14. Henderson's Garage |
| 5. Palladium Theater | 15. Smith Bros. Salvage |
| 6. Bailey's Top-Quality Hardware | 16. Westhaven Area High School |
| 7. Starlite Diner | |
| 8. Westhaven Town Hall | |
| 9. State Bank of Westhaven | |
| 10. Mortimer's | |

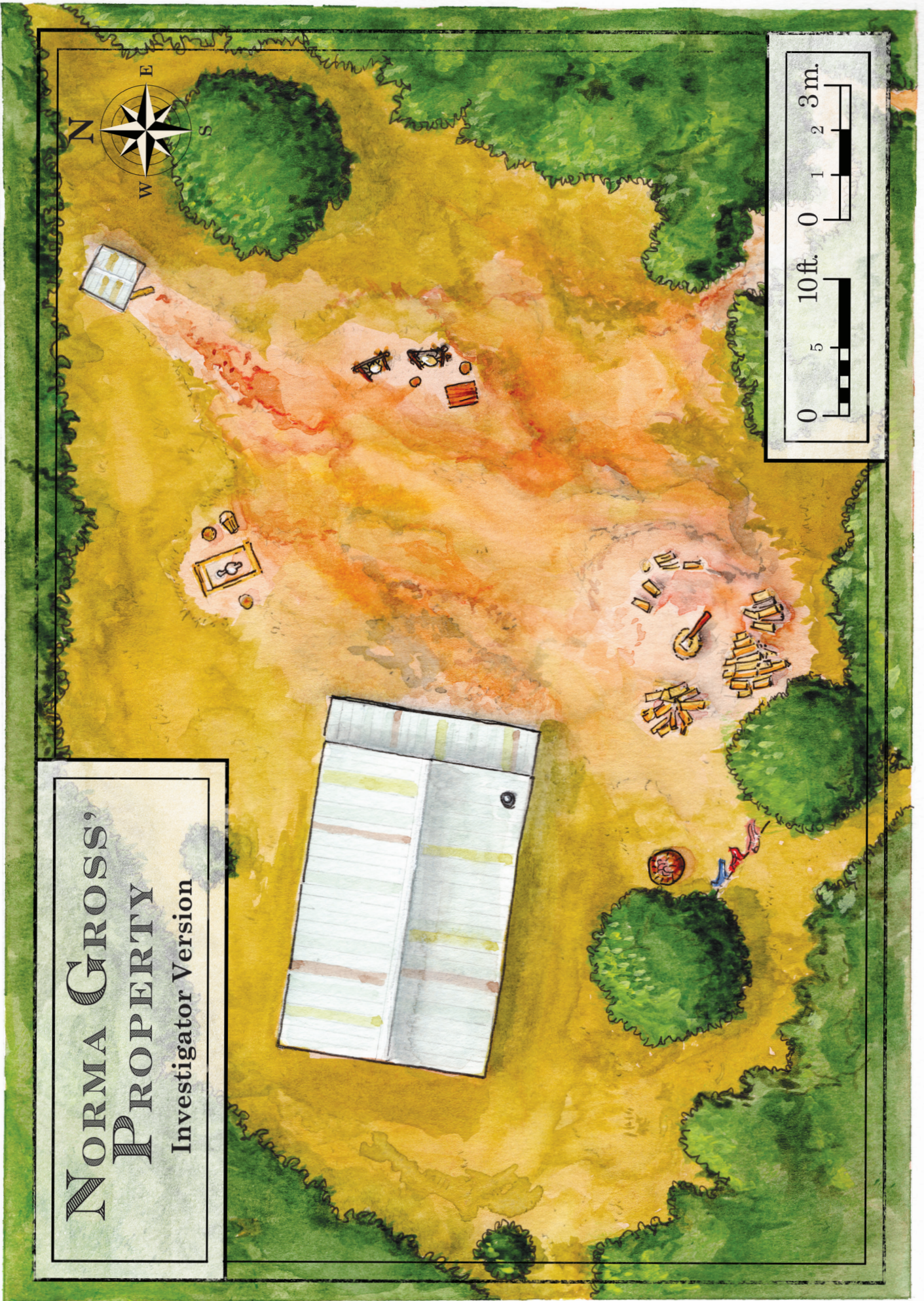


NORMA GROSS' PROPERTY

Investigator Version

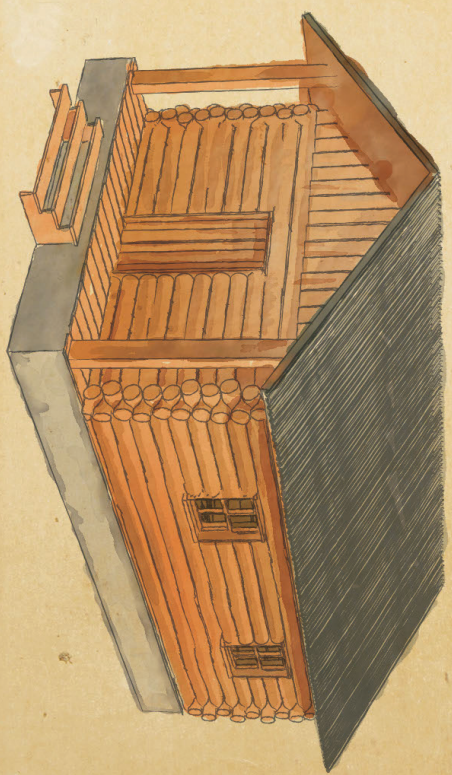
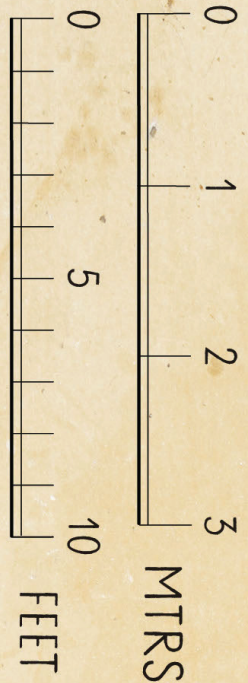
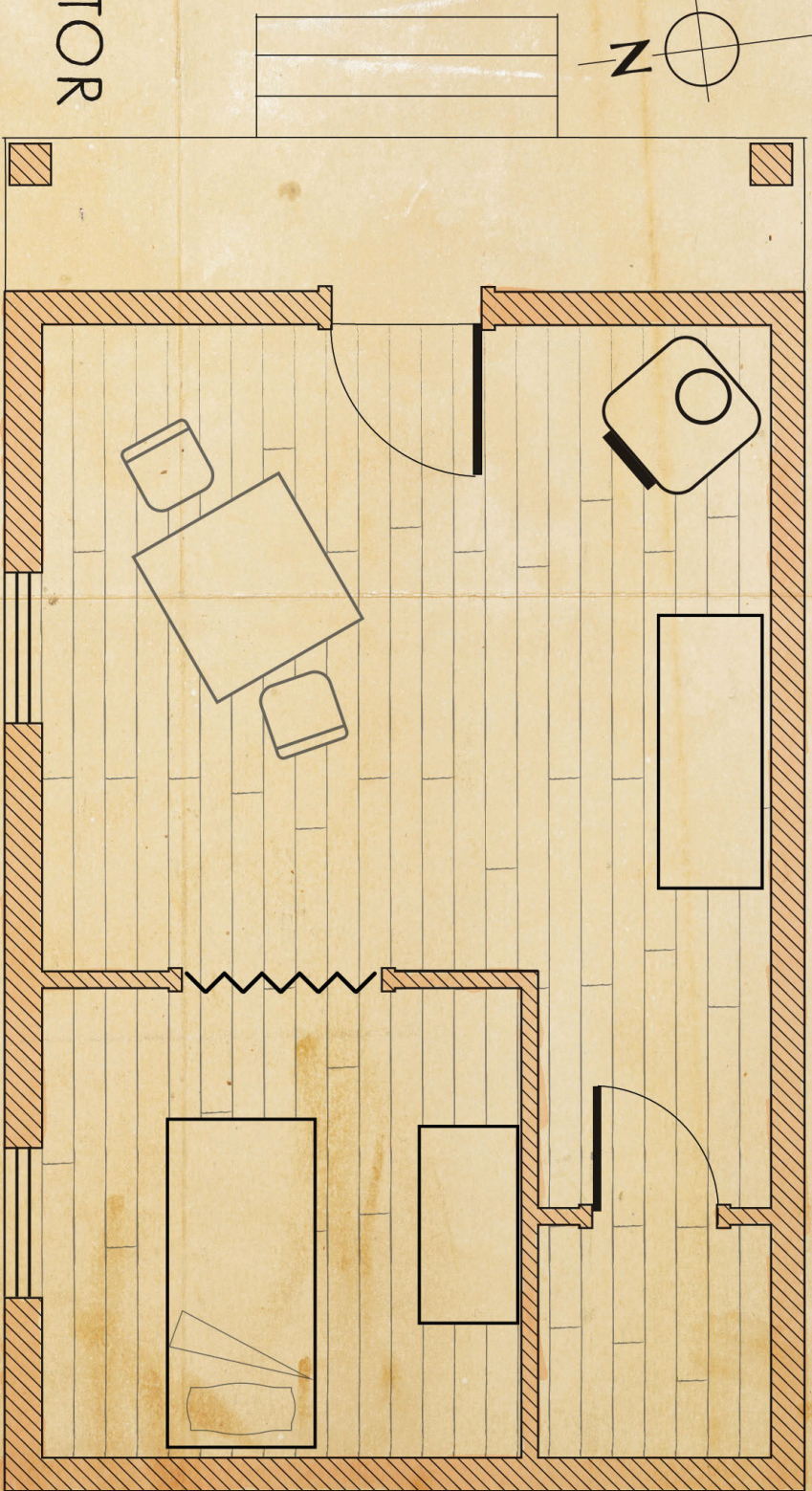


0 5 10ft. 0 1 2 3m.

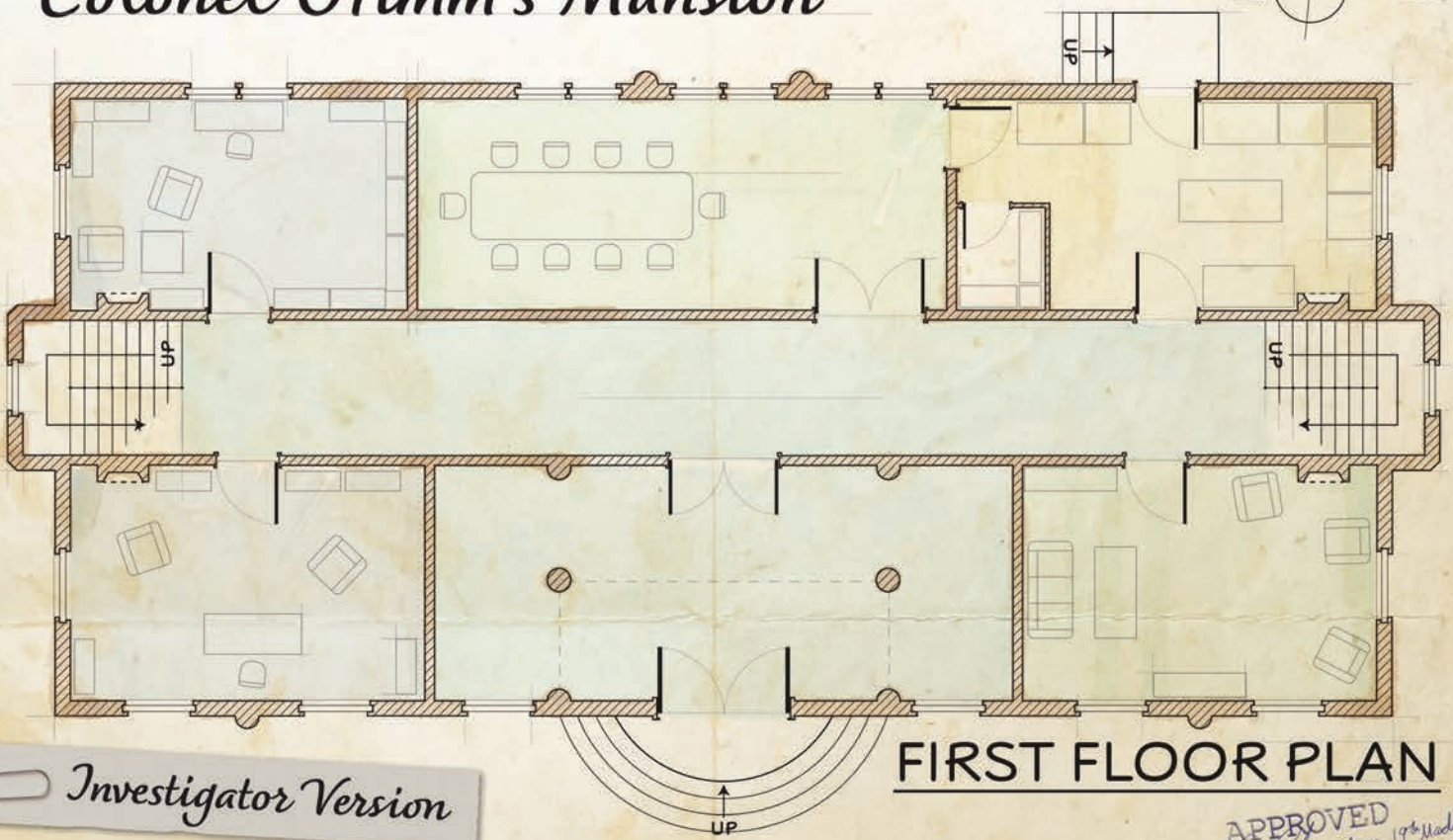


INVESTIGATOR
VERSION

NORMA GROSS' CABIN



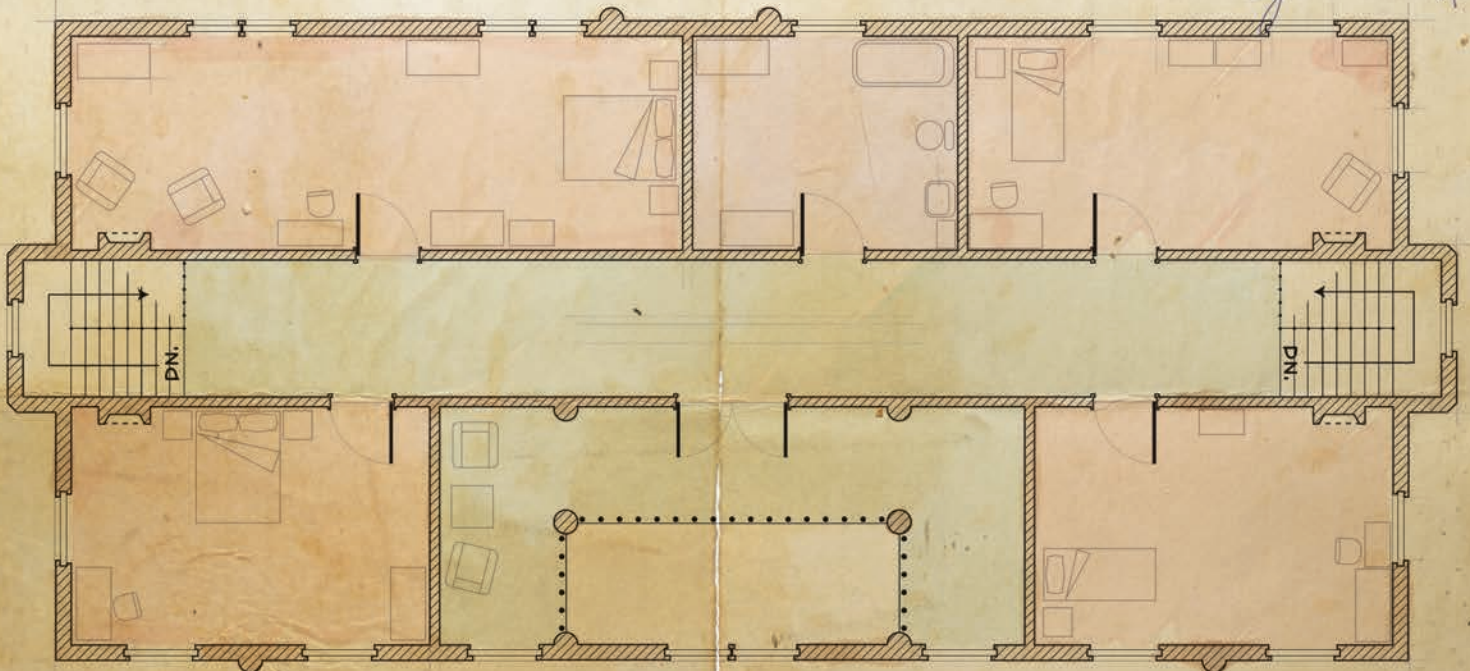
Colonel Grimm's Mansion



FIRST FLOOR PLAN

Investigator Version

APPROVED
Johnnie 1st Made 1898



SECOND FLOOR PLAN

0 1 2 3 4 5 METERS

SCALE 0 5 10 20 30 40 50 FEET

9 COTTON STREET, WESTHAVEN

Mid 1800s two storey brick-built mansion in E. Westhaven.

Internal remodeling/renovation planned by

Rodger, Borland & Co.: Balcony overlooking Entrance Hall completely replaced. New plumbing and wiring installed.

New windows and window frames throughout.



REVISION

DATE

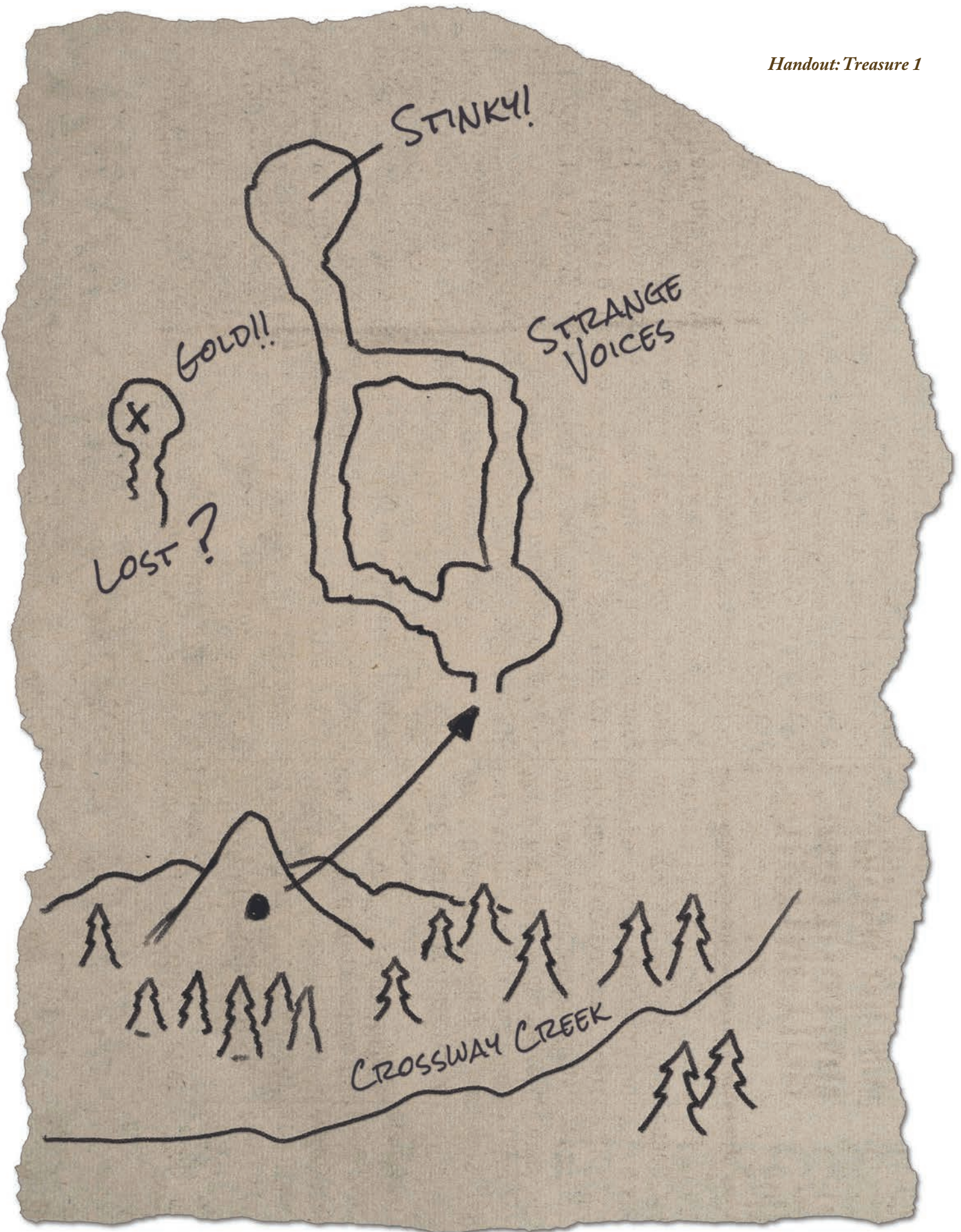
Work completed

2/2/1998

RODGER, BORLAND & Co.

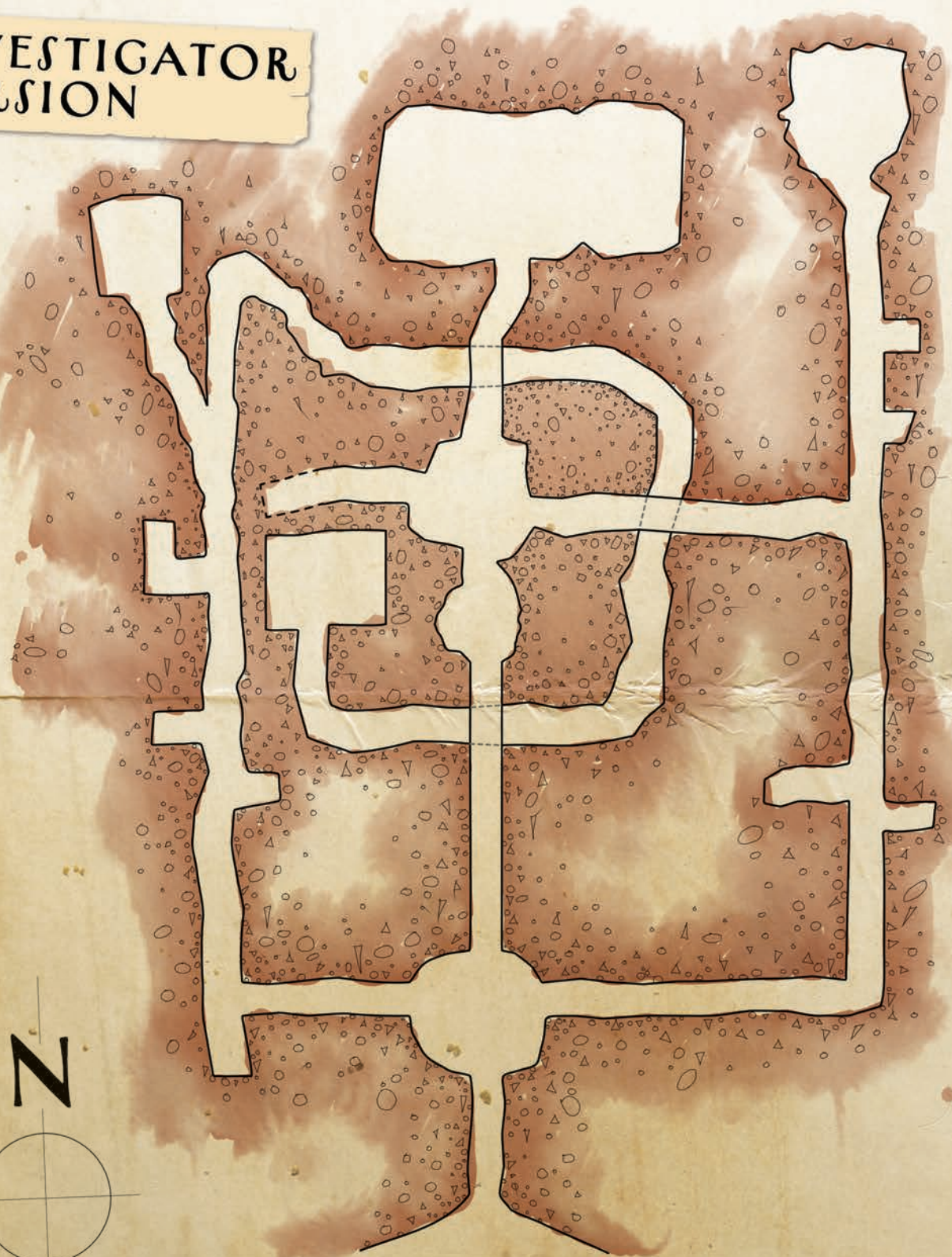
- ARCHITECTS -
25 Mill Street, Cambridge, MA

DRWGN	DRWN BY	TRACED	CHECKED	APPROV'D
1/3	SM	✓	✓	✓

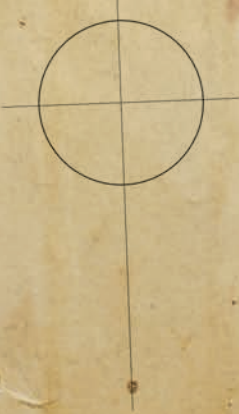


~ FALSTAFF GOLD MINE ~

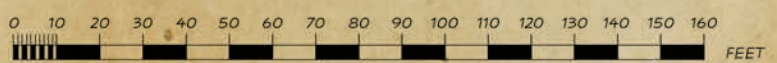
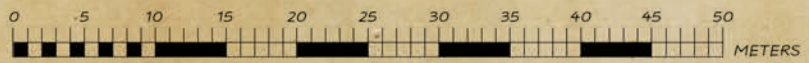
INVESTIGATOR
VERSION



N

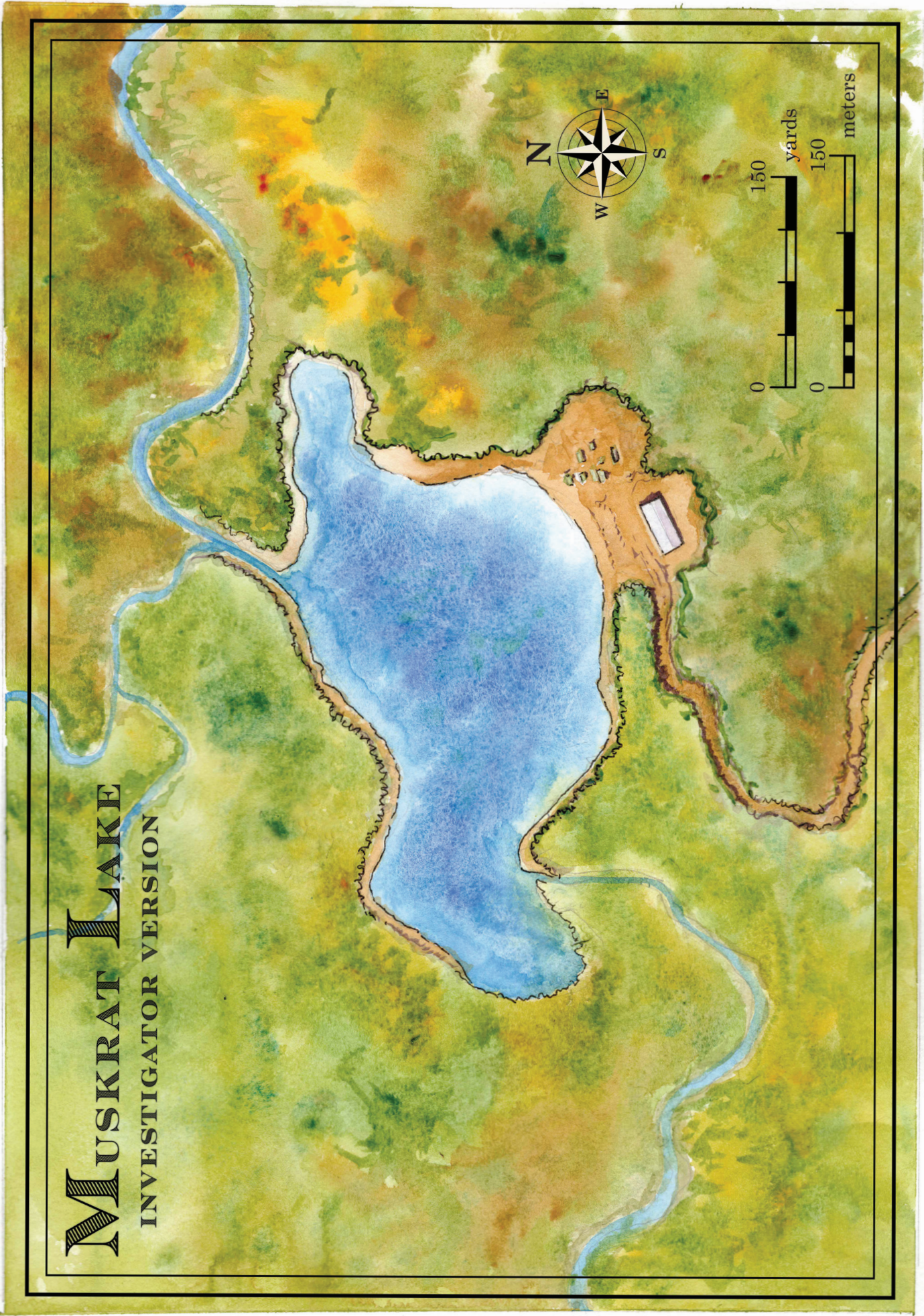


Mine Entrance



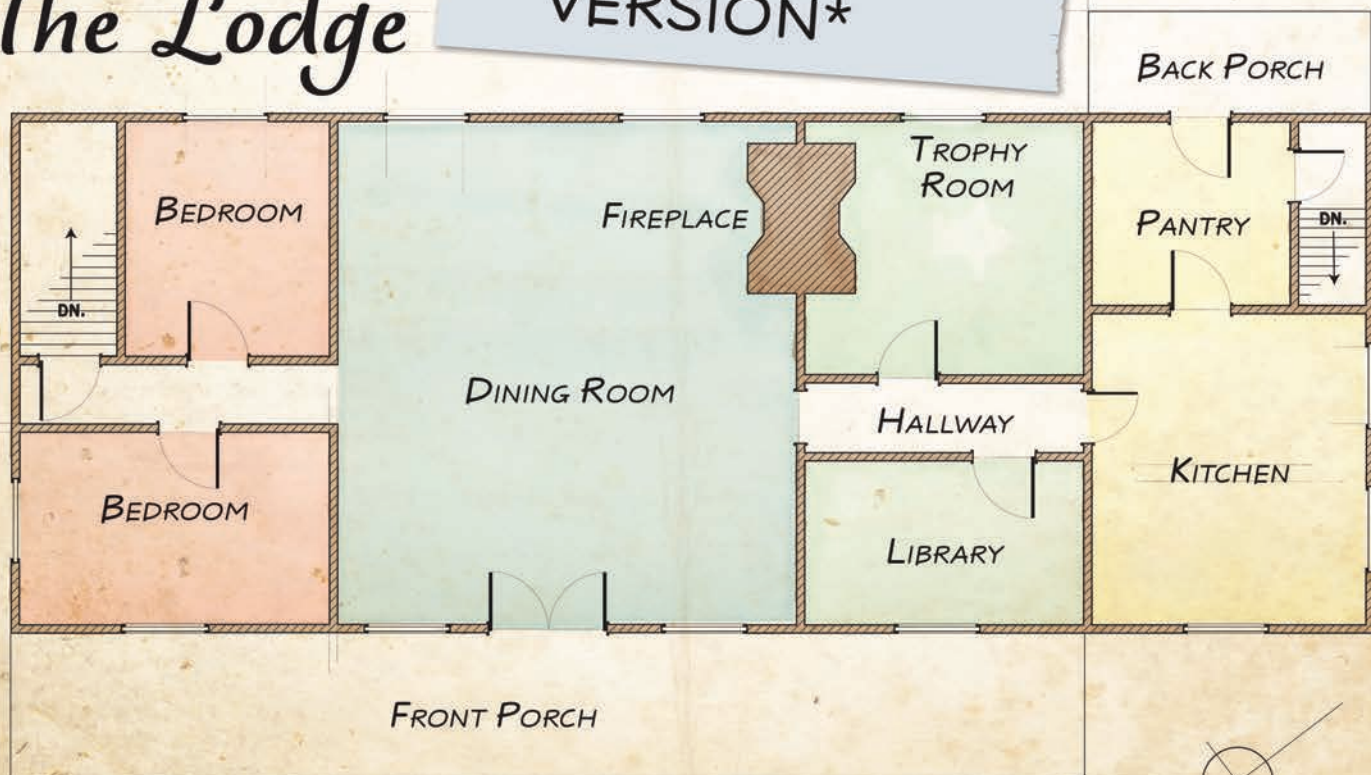
MUSKRAT LAKE

INVESTIGATOR VERSION



The Lodge

INVESTIGATOR
VERSION*



GROUND FLOOR

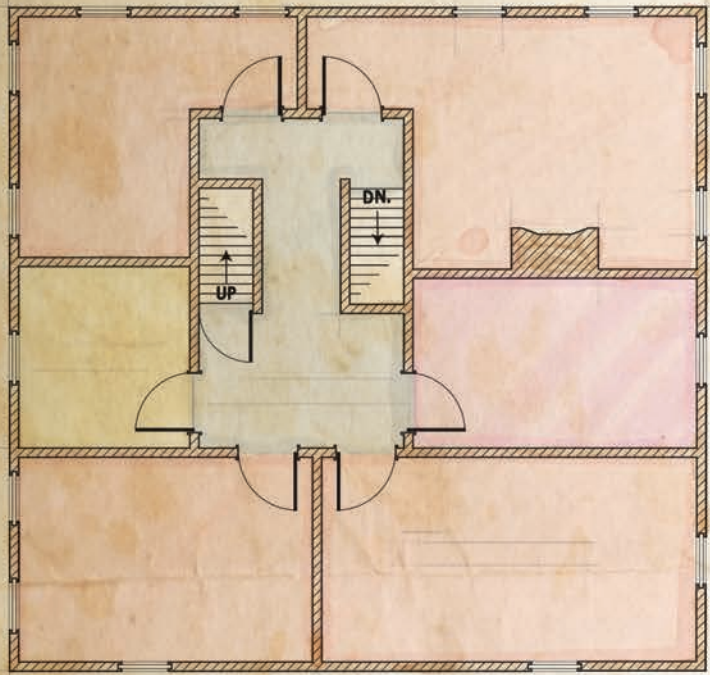


BASEMENT

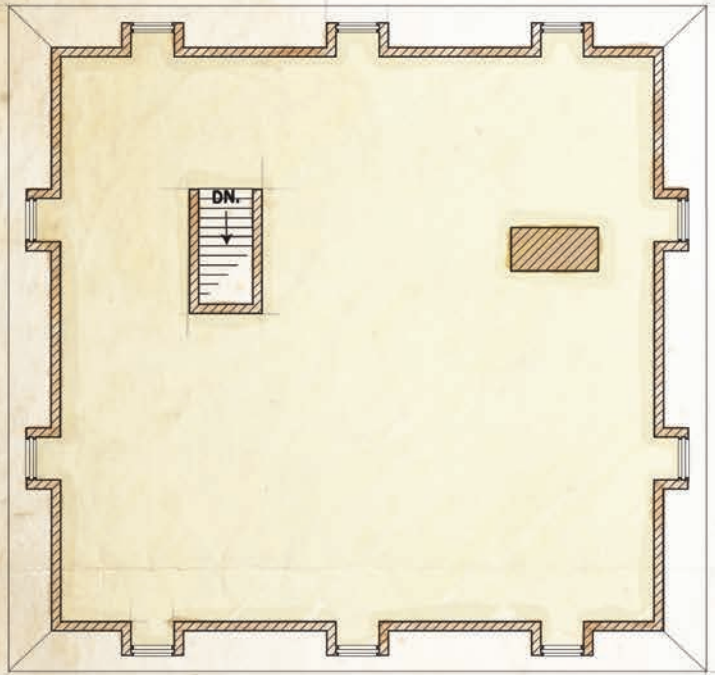


<p>MUSKRAT LAKE ~ HUNTING LODGE ~</p>	TITLE	Hunting Lodge Floor Plan
	LOCATION	New England, United States
	PURPOSE	Lodge for Hunting & Retreat
	SCALE	1 inch = 5 ft - See above
	DRAFTED BY	F. & V. Calthorpe & Associates

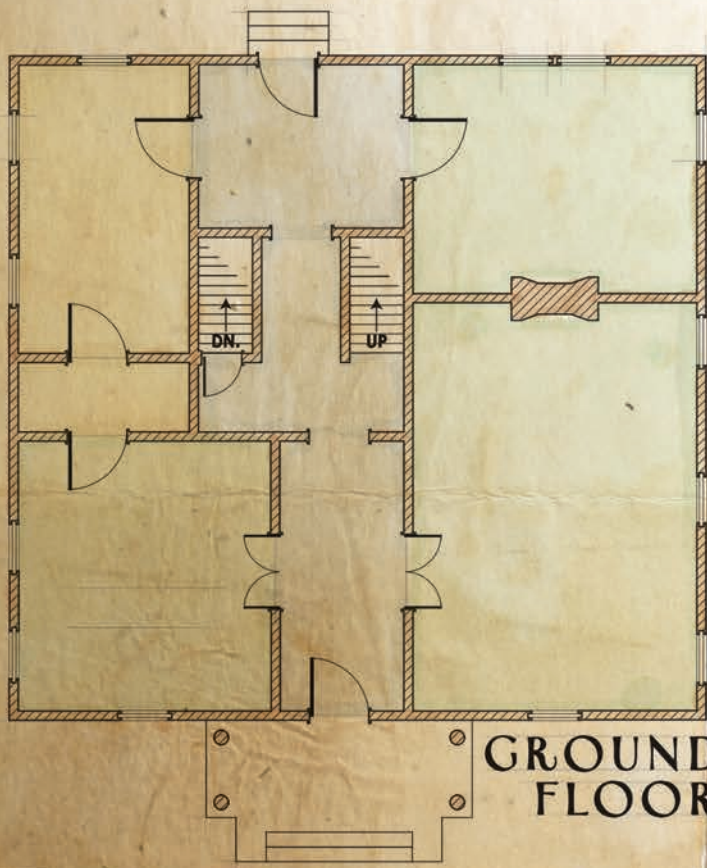
GUSTAF'S HOUSE



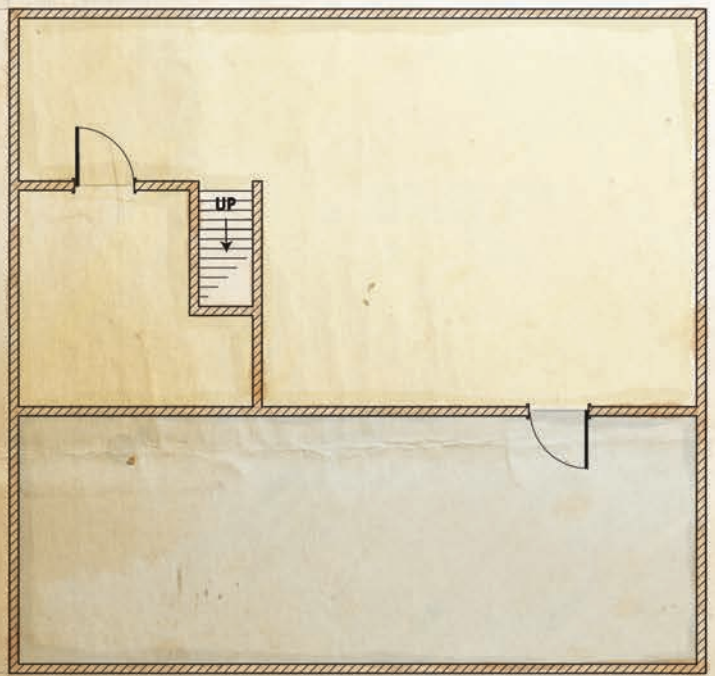
SECOND FLOOR



ATTIC



GROUND FLOOR



BASEMENT

INVESTIGATOR VERSION



D. McCartney
PROPERTY CONSULTANTS
~ ESTD 1893 BOSTON ~

Farmer Disappears

Authorities in the town of Kingston remain baffled by the strange disappearance of Norbert Shuemaker. Mr. Shuemaker is a local farmer whose family has farmed the area for generations. When taking him lunch on Thursday, Mrs. Gertrude Shuemaker found the farm's tilling plow and ox abandoned in the middle of the field her husband was cultivating, with no sign of Mr. Shuemaker to be found.

Mrs. Shuemaker has stated that there is no way her husband would ever abandon his

While Plowing Field

chores or leave his favorite ox unattended. Mrs. Shuemaker also stated that the couple had seen strange lights in the sky in the week prior to Mr. Shuemaker's disappearance. Speculating as to whether aliens from Venus might have kidnapped Norbert. "They might have needed his agriculture expertise," she said, "he is a very good farmer." In conducting a search, the police discovered several large sinkholes nearby and suspect Mr. Shuemaker may have fallen down one of these.

v Saves Bart-Owmer's Life



You have bad dreams. You hear a voice that sounds like gravel and breaking rock. It tells you how it is going to pull you underground and suck the marrow from your bones. In your dream, you see assistant scout leader Don Blackwell being sucked into the ground, then you feel like you are being pulled into the cold dark ground. The voice tells you to stay where you are. Give in. Wait for the inevitable. There's nothing you can do about it. You might wish to get up and leave, but you're asleep. Just lay where you are...

I don't know if anyone will read this letter. But if you do, you will know of the horror that has likely taken my life. It started with the quakes a few days ago. Katy seemed to feel it coming, she would start barking fierce. I realized too late that the ground was shaking because of something horrible. I don't know what it is, but I'm sure Tom Cline summoned it to kill me—just because I threatened to tell the world about him and his stupid cult. Katy saved me, but it probably ate her and now it's coming for me. I'm making a ward, but heaven knows if the things in Minter's book actually work.



This is what you saw — relate the following to the other players in your own voice:

“I saw something really weird this morning. I was near Colonel Grimm’s house. You know, the one with all the scary stuffed animals? Well, anyway, this large black car rolled up. Out got these two men in dark suits and they carried a wooden crate. They set it down, and one of the men looked like he was talking to it! Then he waved his hands over it like this (wave your hands in a mysterious manner).

The crate seemed heavy as it took both men to carry it in the house. They came back out without the box. I haven’t seen Colonel Grimm since, but I am dying to find out what was in the box! He always has the strangest and coolest things. I think he keeps all the cool stuff in his study. How about we sneak in and check it out?”

Dear Colonel Grimm,

Please find enclosed in this box the item that you have been searching for. This was not easy to find, and your payment was well-earned I assure you. I know that you wanted the utmost discretion applied and did not want your compatriots to be aware you were acquiring this item. Rest assured that I have followed your request with great care. Be forewarned that this is a potentially dangerous artifact and that you should proceed with caution.

Yours,

H. Lazard



Dear Colonel,

Making progress on the Falstaff project,
but I must request another \$100 for
tools and supplies. And thank you again
for the broach — it works a treat.

Yours faithfully,
S. A.

Seth, *n. Egypt Relig.*

In ancient Egyptian lore, the god Seth, also known as Set, Sheth, and Seteh, is the son of Geb (the Earth) and Nut (the Sky). Seth is the lord of chaos, fire, deserts, trickery, storms, envy, violence, and foreigners. Seth maintained a bitter rivalry with his brother Osiris, and later Osiris' son Horus. Seth, perhaps owing to his representation as an agent of chaos, was also known to maintain both a negative and positive relationship with Ra (the Sun god) and both aided and hindered him on various occasions.



Seth.

Homs, *n.* a city in W Syria. *Pop:* 55,000

ho-mun-cu-lus, *n., pl. -li.* also “little person,” is believed to have originated during the sixteenth century in the profession of alchemy. Somewhat like a miniature human, a homunculus was thought to be an artificial being created through alchemy. The name is first mentioned in texts attributed to Paracelsus in the sixteenth century.

Under the direction of its creator or master, a homunculus can act to aid, assist, or carry out orders including conducting acts of mischief and troublemaking toward its master’s enemies. To gain mastery over or banish a homunculus, an enchanted object, such as a stone or wand, is created.

Ingenious and devilish, homunculi have often been associated with goblins, gremlins, and other badly behaved creatures.

homy, *adj.*, **hom-i-er**, **hom-i-est**. homey.

Hon.. Honorable.



The Sons of Seth are a secretive organization. While the exact date of their founding is a mystery to outsiders, the group is very old with connections back to ancient times. Rumors persist that the Sons of Seth began as a rogue offshoot of some Knights Templar who came into possession of ancient artifacts and writings.

Members are dedicated followers of the Egyptian god Seth, and so Egyptology and its symbols factor heavily in their rituals and ceremonies. The Sons of Seth meeting houses, or temples as they are called, are located across the world. There are dozens of temples in the United States. A typical temple usually has only a few dozen adherents, and they keep their membership small and guarded. Often a temple may be hidden in plain sight, in a secret room of a library or embedded within another social club or organization. Most members of the group are unaware that the organization is rumored to have more sinister ideals, and most view the Sons of Seth as a harmless bit of fun for wealthy socialites and a place to network for mutual gain. Some whisper that it is only after years of allegiance to the group that members are allowed to learn the dark secrets and true goals of the organization.

Legend of the Treasure of the Secret Way

The legend is a gruesome one. Some 80 years ago, an old prospector, said to be called Falstaff, came across a hole in the ground while searching for gold with his partners. They dug for months and months, but found nothing and grew more frustrated with each passing day. With no gold, their provisions nearly all consumed, they were ready to give up when they struck gold—a huge seam in the earth. On seeing this prize, the old prospector grew jealous and wanted the gold all for himself, so he murdered his partners while they slept. Consumed with greed, Falstaff was afraid to leave his gold for fear of claim jumpers, so he stayed there guarding it, unwilling to leave. Eventually, he died of starvation. His restless spirit guards the golden hoard to this day. While many say the old mine hides a mighty treasure, others say it is a passageway to the other side, maybe even to hell itself!

d. Heinrich Strauss, came to America from Germany seeking opportunity. I sought to make my future in the only skill I had, in mining. In other land, I set about prospecting and soon discovered gold flakes in the area of Washkaven, whereupon I gathered a team to dig out mine. My company was made up of another recent arrival from Germany, Julius Eckstath, and an older local man, Friedrich Brunstedt. I secured permit to begin mining on the public forest land.

In our endeavor, we discovered a natural cave on the side of a hill and chose this as a suitable place to mine by extending the existing natural cavern. Our initial excavations showed promise and soon we discovered a large gold vein. I took a sample to have it assayed. Alas, it was but fool's gold.

On returning to the mine, I found Brunstedt. He claimed Jules had given up and left. There was something in the words and eyes of Brunstedt that caused me to think him a liar. When I told Brunstedt that the mine held only fool's gold, he became enraged and attacked me. Unable to defend myself, he trapped me within this chamber of fool's gold, leaving me to die.

I write this as my last testament and as a curse upon Brunstedt, who shall know justice in this life or the next.